Lady Adelaide, wife of Sir Robert Edge of Blent Hall, eloped with Captain Fitzhubert. Sir Robert died in Russia, presumably in time for Lady Adelaide and Fitzhubert to marry and so make their son, harry, the legitimate heir to Sir Robert's estates. They learn later, however, that the date of Sir Eobert's death has been given incorrectly and Harry is not the rightful heir. They keep the matter secret, and eventually Harry comes into possession of the estates and resides with his mother at Blent Hall. Unknown to Lady Adelaide, a Madame Zabrisk and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and Madame Zabrisk and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and Madame Zabrisk and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and Madame Zabrisk and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and Madame Zabrisk and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and Madame Zabrisk and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and Madame Zabrisk and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and Madame Zabrisk and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and Madame Zabrisk and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and Madame Zabrisk and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and Madame Zabrisk and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld are also in possession of the secret, and his way that girl should not even a low chair by the river, enjoying the cool of the evening.

Harry leaned his elbow on a great stone vase which stood on a pedestal and held a miniature wilderness of flowers.

"I lunched at Fairholme," he was saying. "The paint's all wet still, of course, and the doors stick a bit, but I liked the family. He's genuine, she's homely, and Jannies's a good girl. They were very civil."

"I suppose so."

"Not overwhelmed," he added, as though wishing to correct a wrong im-

himself can attain any clear view) he seemed older. Even the externals of his youth

had differed from the common run. Sent to school like other boys, he had Sent to school like other boys, he had come home from Harrow on Easter for the usual short holiday. He had never returned; he had not gone to the university; he had been abroad a good deal, traveling and studying, but always in his mother's company. It was known that she was in bad health; it was assumed that either one was very exacting or he very devoted, since to separate him from her appeared impossible. Yet those who observed them together saw no imperiousness on her

exacting or he very devoted, since to separate him from her appeared impossible. Yet those who observed them together saw no imperiousness on her part and no excess of sentiment on his; friendliness based on a thorough sympathy of mind was his attitude if his demeanor revealed it truly, while Lady Tritstam was to her son as she was to all the world at this time, a creature of feeling now half cold and of moods that reflected palely the intense impulses of her youth. But a few years over 40, she grew faded and faint in mind, it seemed, as well as in body, and was no longer a merry comminion to the boy who never left her. Yet he did not wish to leave her.

His childhood at least had been happy: Lady Tristram was then still the bewilderingly delightful companion who had got into so much hot water and made so many people eager to get in after her. Joy lasted with her as long as health did, and her health began to fail only when her son was about 15. Another thing happened about then, which formed the prelude to the most vivid scene in the boy's life. Lady Tristram was not habitually a religious woman, but happening to be in a mood that laid her open to the influence, she beard a sermon in London one day preached by a young man famous at the time, a great searcher of fashionable hearts. She drove straight from the church (it was a Friday morning) to Paddington and took the first train home. Harry was there—back from school for his holiday—and she found him in the smoking room weighing a fish which he had caught in the pool that the Blent forms above the weir. There and then she fell on her knees on the floor and poured forth to him the story of that Odyssey of here which here thinking. She went on kneeling there, saying no more, staring at her son. It was characteristic of her Ast she did not risk diminishing the effectiveness of the scene, or the tragedy of her movement by explaining the perverse accident owing to which her fault had entailed such an aggregation of evil. Harry learned that later.

Later—and in a most different sort of interview. The discussion was resumed a week later (Lady Tristram had spent the interval in bed) on a start of the same of the service of the service of the same of the same of the same of the service of the same of th

sumed a week later (Lady Tristram had spent the interval in bed) on a business footing. She found in him the same carelessness of the world and its obligations, that there was in herself, but found it carried to the point of "We can do the blue blood business enough for both." but found it carried to the point of scorn and allied to a tenacity of purpose and a keenness of vision which she had never owned. Not a reproach excaped him—less, she thought, from any generosity than because he chose to concentrate his mind on something useful. But he told her at once that he was not going back to Harrow. She understood; she agreed to be watched; she abdicated her rule; she put every-thing in his hands and obeyed him. Thus at 16 Harry Tristram took up

Thus at 16 Harry Tristram took up his burden and seemed to take up his manhood, too. He never wavered; he always assumed that right and justice were on his side, that he was not merely justified in holding his place, but bound in duty to keep it. The confederates set no limit to their preparations against danger and their devices to avoid detection. If lies were necessary, they would lie: where falsification was wanted, they falsified. No security relaxed his vigilance, but his vigilance became so habitual, so entered into him that his mother ceased to notice it, that his mother ceased to notice it and it became a second nature to him self. He watched all mankind lest someone among men should be seeking to take his treasure from him. Mr. Cholderton's Imp had not used her eyes in vain, but Harry's neighbors, content to call him reserved, had no idea that there was anything in particular that he nad to hide. There was one little point which, except for his persuasion of his own rectitude, might have seeined to indicate an uneasy conscience, but was in fact only evidence of a natural dislike to having an unwelcome subject thrust under his notice. About a year after the disclosure Lady Tristram had a letter from Mr. Gainsborough. This gentleman had married her cousin, and the cousin, a woman of severe principles, had put an end to all acquaintance in consequence of the Odyssey. She was dead, and her hushand proposed to renew friendly relations, saying that his daughter knew nothing of the past differences and was anxious to see her kinsfolk. The letter was almost gushing, and Lady Tristram, left to herself, would for while she had pleased herself, she bore no resentment against folk who had blamed her. Moreover, Gainsbor. in vain, but Harry's neighbors, content to call him reserved, had no idea that bore no resentment against folk who had blamed her. Moreover, Gainsborough was poor, and somebody had told her that the girl was pleasant; she he

The SAIT LAKE HERALD: SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1901

Thought think you could do that for the present of the place of

maternal.

"Not that I know anything about it,"
Mrs. Iver pursued, following a train of
thought obvious enough. "I hope she'll
act for her happiness, that's all. There's
the dear major looking for you—don't
keep him waiting, dear. How lucky he's
your uncle—he can always be with
you."

"'Ach, dot's der kind of lawyer of this eff." smiled Mina, irrepressibly, the rejuvenescence—aye, the unbroken youth—of her relative appeared to her quaintly humorous, and it was her fancy to refer to him as she might to a younger brother.

There was Mr. Iver to to be said good—There was Mr. Iver

her that clever little cricketer, the liftly, kept her bat away from it. She laughed; that committed her to nothing—and left Iver to bowl again.

"It's quite a change to find Harry Tristram at a tea party, though! Making himself pleasant too!"

"Not to me," observed Mina, decisively.

You chaffed him, I expect. He stands

"You chaffed him, I expect. He stands a bit on his dignity. Ah, well, he's young, you see."

"No, he chaffed me. O, I think 1—1 left off even, you know."

"They get a bit spoilt," he seemed to be referring to the aristocracy. "But there's plenty of stuff in him, or I'm much mistaken. He's a born fighter, I think."

think."

"I wonder!" said Mina, her eyes twinkling again.
Finally there was the major to be walked home with—not a youthful, triumphant major, but a rather careworn, undisguisedly irritated one. If Mina wanted somebody to agree with het present mood about Harry Tristram her longing was abundantly gratified. The major roundly termed him an overbearing young cub, and professed a desirealmost an intention—to teach him better manners. This coincidence of views was a sore temptation to the Imp, to resist it altogether would seem superhuman. "I should like to cut his comb for

"I should like to cut his comb for him." growled Duplay.
Whatever the metaphor adopted, Mina was in essential agreement. She launched on an account of how Harry had treated her; they fanned one another's fires, and the flames burned merrily.

merrily.

Mina's stock of discretion was threatened with complete consumption. From
open denunciations she turned to mysterious hintings.

"I could bring him to reason if I

"What, make him fall in love with ou?" cried Duplay, with a surprise not very complimentary "O, no," she laughed; "better than that—by a great deal."

He eyed her closely; probably this was only another of her whimsical tricks with which he was very familiar;

if he showed too much interest she would laugh at him for being taken in. But she had hinted before today's an-noyances; she was kinting again. He had yawned at her hints till he Harry Tristram's rival; he was ready to be eager now if only he could be sure that they pointed to anything more

"If fancy she was—I'm not sure."
Still the Imp was very innocent, although the form of Harry's reply caused her inward amusement and triumph.

"My mother was Madame de Kries."

"My mother was Madame de Kries." "I don't want to hurt him, but I uld like to make him sing smal They had just reached the foot of the hall. Duplay waived his arm across the river toward the hall. Blent looked

strong and stately. That's a big task, my dear," he said, "That's a big task, my dear," he said, recovering some of his good humor at the sight of Mina's waspish little face. "I fancy it'll need a bigger man than you to make Tristram of Blent sing small. Or me, either, I'm afraid. We must fight him with a fair fight, that's all."

"He doesn't fight fair," she cried angrily. The next instant she broke into her most malicious smile. "Tristram of Blent!" she repeated. "O, well" 'Mina, dear, do you know you rather

bore me? If you mean anything at 'I may mean what I like without telling you, I suppose?"
"Certainly—but don't ask me to

'You think it's all nonsens "I do, my dear," confessed the major.
"No, he doesn't fight fair," she repeated, as though to herself. She glanced at her uncle in a hesitating, undecided way. "And he's abominably undecided way. "And he's abominably rude." she went on with a sudden re-

The major's shrug expressed an utter exhaustion of patience, a scornful irritation, almost a contempt for her. uncle for his skepticism. Somebody else now must look on at Harry's humiliation, at least must see that she had power to bring it about. With the neight of malicious exultation she ooked up at Duplay and said:

'Suppose he wasn't Tristram of Blent all?" Duplay stopped short where he stood on the slope of the hill above Blent

What? Is there more nonsense?"

"No, it isn't nonsense."
He looked at her steadily, almost everely. Under his regard her smile disappeared; she grew uncomfortable. "Then I must know more about it. Come. Mina, this is no trifle, you

shan't tele you any more

—that she saw; something serious in which two resolute men were involved. And when at last he let her go with her secret told, she ran up to her room and threw herself on the bed, sobbing. She had let herself in for something dreadful. It was all her own fault—and she was very—

Her whole behavior was probably just what the gentleman to whom she owed her nickname would have expect.

wed her nickname would have expect-

ed and prophesied. (To be Continued next Sunday.) (Copyright, 1900, by A. H. Hawkins.)

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Pleased With His Lawyer. (Baltimore Sun.)

"While I was in the state attorney's office," said ex-Deputy State Attorney William C. Smith, "I had to try a case against an otherwise honest German for selling Mquor on Sunday. The defendant had retained a certain member of the bar who is noted for his high C voice. During this attorney's rather loud address his German elient looked on in rapt admiration, and he was heard to remark:

"'Ach, dot's der kind of lawyer to haf, yet."

fancy to refer to him as she might to a younger brother.

There was Mr. Iver to to be said goodby to.

"Come again soon—you're always welcome; you wake us up, Madame Zabriska."

"You promised to say Mina."

"So I did, but my tongue's out of practice with young ladies' Christian names. Why, I call my wife 'Mother'—only Janie says I mustn't. Yes, come and cheer us up. I shall make the uncle a crack player before long—mustn't let him get lazy and spend half the day over 5 o'clock tea, though."

This was hardly a hint, but it was an indication of the trend of Mr. Iver's thoughts. So it was a dangerous ball, and that clever littic cricketer, the Imp, kept her bat away from it. She laughed, that committed her to noth.

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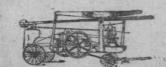
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"There's no reason why I shouldn't marry, is there?"

'Yes: I don't mean that "

'No; not quite. O, my dear Harry, I mean wouldn't you like to be in love a little with somebody? You could do it after you marry, of course, and you certainly will if you marry now, but it's that he gave himself no holidays. He sat silent a moment, seeming to consider sone picture which her sug-gestion conjured up-

"No good waiting for that," was his conclusion. "Somehow, if I married and had children it would seem to make everything more settled." His great preoccupation was on him again.

"What you call a fine girl-tall-well

She'll be fat some day, I expect." "Straight features, broadish face, dark, rather heavy brows-you know the sort of thing.

"O, Harry, I hate all that."
"I don't. I rather like it." He was smoking meditatively, and jerked out

vorite question of Lady Tristram's. Harry paused a moment, looking for

Well, if you can imagine one needle with two very large eyes, you'd get some idea of her. She's sharp, moth-er-mind and body. Pleasant enough, though. She's coming to see you, so you needn't bother to go up." He added with an air of impatience. "She's been hunting in the peerage."
"Of course she would; there's nothing

'No, I suppose not," he admitted al-"I can't help thinking I've heard the time before-not Zabriska, but the

'Duplay, isn't it? I never heard it." Well, I can't remember anything bout it, but it sounds familiar. I'm onfusing it with something else, I sup-They look like being endurable,

If a determination to keep for yourself what, according to your own con-victions, belongs by law to another makes a criminal intent—and that ir-respective of the merits of the law—it uld be hard to avoid classing Lady Tristram and her son as criminals in contemplation if not yet in action. And so considered, they afforded excellent cimens of two kinds of criminals which a study of assize courts reveals. which a study of assize courts reveals, the criminal who drifts and the criminal who plans; the former usually termed by counsel and judge "unhappy," the latter more sternly dubbed "dangerous." Lady Tristram had always drifted and was drifting still, Harry had begun to plan at 16 and still was busy planning. One result of this difference was that whereas she was hardly touched or affected in character. thardly touched or affected in character, he had been immensely influenced. And she had no adequate conception of what it was to him. Even his scheme of marrying Jane Iver and his vivid little phase about living with the check by him, failed to bring it home to her. This very evening as soon as he was This very evening, as soon as he was slowly out of sight, both he and his great "I r question were out of the mind of the woman who had brought both him and show-

existence.

"O, that's what you meant, Madame ady Tristram went back to her Zabriska? It wasn't the pleasure of So Lady Tristram went back to her: Zabriska? It wasn't the pleasure of novel, and Harry walked by the river, moodily meditating and busily scheming. Meanwhile Mina Zabriska had endown to the library at Merrion lodge, and, finding books that had belonged to a legal member of the family in days gone by, was engaged in studying the law relating to the succession to lands and titles in England. She did not make quick progress. Nevertheless. not make quick progress. Nevertheless, in a day or two she had reached a point when she was bubbling over with curiosity and excitement.

CHAPTER IV.

her that the girl was pleasant; she pitied poverty and liked being kind to pleasant people.

"Shall we invite them to stay for a week or two?" she had asked.

"Never," he said. "They shall never come here. I don't want to know them; I won't see them." His face was hard, angry and even outraged at the hard, angry and even outraged at the lady was really immaterial. It came to the same thing.

"It's all very troublesome," Lady

"Be Spoke very simply, as another iman might speak of being ready to meet an improvement rate or an application from an improvement rate or an application Shell we invite them to stay for a eek or two?" she had asked.

"Shall we invite them to stay for a eek or two?" she had asked.

"They shall never mee here. I don't want to know mee here. I don't want to know em; I won't see them." His face was informed at the most of the most of the form of the family man might speak of being ready to case and people.

"Shall we invite them to stay for a eek or two?" she had asked.

"They shall never man improvement rate or an application from an improvement

They all met at Fairholme one afternoon, Harry appearing unexpectedly as
the rest were at tea on the lawn. This
was his first meeting with the major.
As he greeted that gentleman, even
more when he shook hands with Bob, there was a fouch of regality in his manner; the reserve was prominent, and his prerogative was claimed; very soon he carried Janie off for a solitary walk in the shrubberies. Mina enjoyed walk in the shrubberies. Mina enjoyed her uncle's frown, and chafed at Bob's self-effacement; he had been talking to Janie when Harry calmly took her away. The pair were gone half an hour, and conversation flagged. They reappeared, Janie looking rither excited, Harry almost insolently calm, and sat down side by side. The major waiked across and took a vacant seat on the other side of Janie. The slightest look of surprise showed on Harry Tristram's face. A duel began. Duplay had readiness, suavity, volubility, a trick of flattering deference; on Karry's side were a stronger suggestion of power, and an assumption, rather attentions. tractive, that he must be listened to. Janie liked this air of his, even while she resented it; here, in his own county at least, a Tristram of Blent was somebody. Bob Broadley was listening to Iver's views on local affairs; he was not in the fight at all, but he was covertly watching it. The fortune of battle seemed to incline to Harry's iside; the major was left out of the talk for minutes together. More for fun than from loyalty to her kinsman, Mina rose and walked over to Harry. "Do take me to see the greenhouses. tractive, that he must be listened to "Do take me to see the greenhouses, Mr. Tristram," she begged. "You're all right with uncle, aren't you, Janie?" Janie nodded rather nervously. After a pause of a full half minute, Harry Tristram rose without a word and began to walk off; it was left for Mina to join him in a hurried little run. "Oh, wait for me, anyhow," she cried, with a laugh.

They walked on some way in silence Tristram. I suppose you're angry with Harry

He turned and looked at her; pres enty he began to smile, even more slowly, it seemed, than usual. "I must see that my poor uncle has fair play—what do you call it?—a fair -mustn't I?

you are and much more amusing."
"I don't set up for a beauty or a wit, either." Harry observed, not at all put out by the Imp's premeditated candor.

"No, and still she ought to want to talk to you! Why? Because you're Mr. Tristram, I suppose!" Mina indulged in a very scornful demeanor.
"It's very friendly of you to resent

'She was Mrs. Fitzhubert, wasn't Yes, of course she was-before she

"Well, a Mrs. Fitzhubert used to come and see my mother long ago at Heidelburg. Do you know if your mother was ever at Heidelberg?"
"I fancy she was "I'm not are." 'I fancy she was-I'm not sure."

It was a hit for her at last, though Harry took it well. He turned rather quickly toward her, opened his lips to speak, repented, and did no more than give her, a rather long and rather in-tense look. Then he nodded carelessly.

"All right, I'll ask her," said he. The next moment he put a question. "Did you know about having met her before

you came to Merrion?"

"Oh, well, I looked in the peerage, but it really didn't strike me till a day or two ago that it might be the same Mrs. Fitzhubert. The name's pretty common, isn't it?"

"No: it's year, uncommon." common, isn't it?"

"No; it's very uncommon."

"Oh, I didn't know," murmured Mina apologetically, but the glance which followed him as he turned away was not apologetic; it was triumphant.

She got back in time to witness—to her regret (let it be confessed) she could not overhear—Janie's farewell to Bob Broadley. They had been friends from youth; he was "Bob" to her; she was now to him "Miss Janie."

"You haven't said a word to me, Bob."

"No."

"I haven't had a chance; you're with 'How can I help it-if nobody else "I really shouldn't have the cheek. Harry Tristram was savage enough with the major—what would he have been with me?"

What should it matter what he "Do you really think that, Miss Ja-nie?" Bob was almost at the point of "I mean-why should it matter to

you?" The explanation checked the ad-Oh, I-I see. I don't know, I'm sure. Well, then, I don't know how to deal with him."

"Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miss Janie."

"Are you coming to see us again,

'If you ask me, I"-"And am I coming again to Mingham—although you don't ask me?"
"Will you, really?"
"Oh, you do ask me? When I ask you to ask me!"

you to ask me!"
"Any day you'll"—
"No; I'll surprise you. Good-bye.
Good-bye, really."
"You're a dreadful flirt. Janie," said
Mina, as she kissed her friend.